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TOM THUMB,

A BURLETTA,

As now Performed

AT THE

THEATRES - ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, AND HAY-MARKET.

ALTERED FROM

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

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CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden.	*Drury-Lane.*	*Hay Market.*
King Arthur	Mr. MUNDEN.	Mr. DOWTON.	Mr. DOWTON.
Tom Thumb	Maſter BENSON.	Maſter WEST.	Maſter WEST.
Merlin,	Mr. DENMAN.	Mr. COOKE.	Mr. DENMAN.
Lord Grizzle,	Mr. LISTON.	Mr. MATTHEWS.	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Noodle,	Mr. TAYLOR.	Mr. PURSER.	Mr. TAYLOR.
Doodle,	Mr. SIMMONS.	Mr. BANNISTER.	Mr. GROVE.
Ghoſt,	Mr. BENNETT.		Mr. DENMAN.
Queen Dollalolla,	Miſs TYRER,	Miſs DE CAMP.	Miſs TYRER,
Princeſs Huncamunca	Miſs DAVIES.	Mrs. MATTHEWS.	Mrs. TAYLOR.
Glumdalca,	Miſs LESERVE.	Mr. BARRYMORE.	Miſs LESERVE.
Frizaletta,	Mrs. WHITMORE.	Miſs MENAGE.	Mrs. KENDAL.
Plumante,	Miſs COX.	Miſs SAUNDERS.	

Ladies, Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Giants, &c.

SCENE.—The Court City, and adjacent Plain.

1

Doodle
Noodle.

2.

King
Queen
~~Grizzle~~
Lords
Ladies
Guards

TOM THUMB.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Palace Yard.*

Enter DOODLE *and* NOODLE *meeting, they embrace.*

DUET,

Doodle.

SURE such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious—
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay,
And the mob so uprorious—
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

Noodle.

Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking tawdry,
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

Doodle.

Oh, 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before;
A day of fun and drollery.

Noodle.

That you may say,
Their Majesties may boast of it;
And, since it never can come more,
'Tis fit they make the most of it.

Doodle.

Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

Noodle.

That you may say,

Doodle.

Sure such a day, &c.

Noodle.

Courtiers so gay, &c.

Dood. Yes, Noodle, yes;—to day the mighty Thumb
Returns triumphant —Captive Giants swarm
Like bees behind his car. *(Flourish. Trumpets)*

Nood. But hark! These trumpets
Speak the King at levee—I go.

Dood. And I also—to offer my petition.

Nood. Doodle, do. [*Exit.*

Change

SCENE.—*A Palace.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, *Lord* GRIZZLE, *Courtiers, and Attendants.*——DOODLE *and* NOODLE *apart.*

King. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
The man who this day frowns, shall loose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withall—
Smile Dollalolla!

Dood. (Kneeling.) Dread Liege
This Petition—

King. (Dashes it away.) Petition me no petitions, Sir,
to-day;
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. I'st so? why then perdition catch the fallers.
Let's have a rouse, and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR. *Queen.*

What tho' I now am half seas o'er.
I scorn to baulk this bout,
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,
'Fore George I'll see them out.
'Fore George, &c.

But, Sir, your Queen 'twould ill become,
T'indulge in vulgar ſips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should paſs theſe royal lips.
Shall paſs, &c.

Chorus.

Rum ti iddity row, row, row,
If we'd a ſup, we'd take it now.

King. Tho' rack in punch, ten ſhillings were a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half a crown,
Rather than quarrel thou ſhalt have thy fill.

(*Trumpets*)

Nood. Theſe martial ſounds, my liege, announce the general.

King. Haſte we to meet, and meetly to receive him.

(*Martial Muſick.*)

Enter TOM THUMB [illegible] MUSICA [illegible]

[illegible] me, [illegible]
[illegible] my [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] valour [illegible] upon us. (*ſets him down.*)

Queen. Oh! ye Gods! (*aſide.*)

Tom. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm [illegible]
I've done my duty, and I've done no more. (*Bows.*)

Queen. Was ever ſuch a god-like creature ſeen

King. Thy modeſty's a flambeau to thy merit,
It ſhines itſelf, and ſhews thy merit too—
O Tom! what to thy proweſs do we owe?
Aſk ſome reward—great as we can beſtow.

Tom. I aſk not kingdoms, I can conquer thoſe;
I aſk not money—money I've enough:
If this be call'd a debt, take my receipt in full,
I aſk but this, to ſun myſelf in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. (*Aſide.*) Prodigious bold requeſt!

Queen. Be ſtill, my ſoul!——

King. (*After a pauſe.*) It is reſolved!
The princeſs is thy own. (*To Thumb.*)

Tom. O happy Tommy! Super happy Thumb!
Whiſper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
The bloody buſineſs of grim war is o'er.
And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR. *Tom.*

As when the chimney-ſweeper,
Has all the live long day,
Thro' darkſome paths a creeper
Purſu'd his ſooty way:

At night to waſh with water
His hands and face he flies?
And in his t'other tatter,
With his Brickduſta lies. Exit L. Flourish

King. (*Looking fondly at* GLUMDALCA.) I feel a ſudden pain
acroſs my breaſt—(*Aſide.*)
Nor know I whether it proceeds from love,
Or the wind cholic.—Hugeous Queen of Hearts,
Sure thou wer't form'd by all the Gods in council;
Who having made a lucky hit, beyond their journey work,
Cry'd out —— "This is a woman!"

Glum. Then were the Gods confoundedly miſtaken,
We are a gianteſs—I tell, thee, Arthur,
We, yeſterday, were both Queen and Wife;
One hundred thouſand giants own'd our ſway;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourſelf.

Queen. Oh bleſt prerogative of giantiſm! (*Aſide.*)

King. Be cheer'd, vaſt Princeſs.—Think our court thy own,
Call for whate'er thou lik'ſt—there's nought to pay.
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we. (*Takes off her chain.*)

Queen. (*aſide,*) Ha! Arthur faithleſs,
This gag my rival too, in dear Tom Thumb!
Revenge!—but I'll diſſemble——
Madam, believe that with a woman's eye
I view your loſs—take comfort—for to-morrow,
Our grenadiers ſhall be call'd out; then chuſe
As many huſbands as you think you'll want.

Glum. Madam, I reſt your much obliged ſervant. [*Exit.* L.

Queen. Tho' greater yet Tom's boaſted merit was,
He ſhall not have my daughter, that is pos. (*Advancing to the King.*)

King. Ha! ſay'ſt thou?

Queen. Yes; I ſay he ſhan't.

King. How, ſhan't!
Now by our royal ſelf, we ſwear he ſhall.

4
3
Grizzle.

5
4
Queen
Ghost – Pitchford – Lanston

6
5
The King

AIR, *Queen.*

Then tremble all, who ever weddings made,
And tremble more who did this match perſuade;
For like a worried cat, I'll ſpit, I'll ſquall,
I'll ſcratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.
[*The King throws his hat at the Queen. Exit* QUEEN *and Ladies.*

Dood. Her majeſty the Queen is in a paſſion.

King. Be ſhe, or be ſhe not, who cares? We were indeed
A pretty king of clouts were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR. *King.*

We Kings, who are in our ſenſes,
Mock our conſorts violences;
Piſhing at their moods and tenſes,
Our own will we follow.

When the huſband once gives way
To his wife's capricious ſway
For his breeches he next day
May go, whoop, and hollow.

[*Exeunt Gents, &c.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter GRIZZLE. (*moody*).

Griz. ——— ——— Arthur wrongs me!
Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
Rouſe thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
Alas, what art thou, glory?
A Monmouth-ſtreet lac'd coat, gracing to day
My back; to-morrow, glittering on another's——
To arms! to arms!

Enter the QUEEN. (*in a rage.*)

Queen. Teach me to ſcold, O Grizzle!

Griz. Scold wou'd my Queen?—ſay, wherefore.

Queen. Wherefore!
Faggots and fire—my daughter to Tom Thumb!

Griz. I'll mince the Atom into countleſs pieces?

Queen. Oh! no, prevent the match, but hurt not him—
Him!—Thou!—Thou kill the man
Who kill'd the Giants?

Griz. Giants!—Why, Madam, 'tis all ~~drummery~~, my eye, and
He made the Giants firſt, and then he kill'd them.

Queen. How! haſt thou ſeen no Giants? are there not
Now, in our yard, ten thouſand proper giants?

Griz. Madam, I cannot poſitively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Out of my ſight, baſe Pickthank, hie, begone!
By all my ſtars, thou enviеſt Tom Thumb.

DUET. *Queen and Grizzle.*

Queen.

Liar avaunt,
Thy ſaucy taunt,
In proof of Tom's deſert;
He will break
That ſcurvy neck,
If on him thou dar'ſt fling dirt.

Grizzle.

Yes, yes, I go,
But, Madam, know,
(Since your Majeſty's ſo pert)
That a flood
Of Tommy's blood,
To allay this ſtorm ſhall ſpirt.

Queen.

Go to hell!

Grizzle.

Oh, mighty well.

Queen.

Thither hie to feed the blaze.

Betty Martin

I shall tell you what I am going to say

Call Mr Hewitt.

Grizzle.

I'm glad I know your ways.

Queen.

My ſweet creature,
To beſpatter,
Quick or dead I'll ne'er forgive.

Grizzle.

'Tis my nature,
Not to flatter,
Take my word he ſhall not live.

Queen.

I'll ne'er forgive.

Grizzle.

He ſhall not live.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An Anti-Chamber.*

The KING *diſcovered on a Couch.*

King. ——— Methought
I heard a voice ſay, "Sleep no more!"
Glumdalca exiles ſleeps—And therefore, Arthur
Can ſleep no more.

Ghoſt of GAFFER THUMB *Riſes, with a Lanthorn on a long Staff.*

Ghoſt. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!
Soon ſhalt thou ſleep enough.

King. Ah! what art thou?

Ghoſt. The Ghoſt of Gaffer Thumb.

King. A Ghoſt! Stand off!
I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.

Ghoſt. Oh, Arthur! take heed.
My thread is ſpun—liſt, liſt, Oh liſt!

AIR. *Ghoſt.*

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens ſcowling,
Doom thee to ſlaughter,
Thee, thy wife, and daughter,
Furies are growling,
With horrid groans:
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on?
Or by a red cow,
Tom Thumb devoured?
Hark! the cock crowing. [*Cock crows.*
I muſt be going,
I can no more.
Trap. [*Vaniſhes.*

King. No more! And why no more, or why ſo much?
Better quite ignorant than half inſtructed.
By Jove! this bo-peep Ghoſt makes game of us,
Therefore, Fate, keep your ſecret to yourſelf.

AIR. *King.*

Such a fine King as I, don't fear your threats of a ruſh,
Do ſhew your ſweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call up a bluſh,
For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down,
Do pop your nob up again,
And egad I'll crack your crown.

Who cares for you, Mr, Ghoſt?
Or all that you can do;
I laugh at your ſtupid threats,
And your cock-a-doodle-do;

For I am up, up, up,
But you are down, down, down,
Draw your ſword like a man,
Or I'll box you for a crown,
Rum ti iddity, &c. [*Exit.*

Change SCENE—HUNCAMUNCA's *Dreſſing-Room.*

HUNCAMUNCA *diſcovered at her Toilet*—FRIZALETTA *waiting.*

Hunc. Give me ſome muſic—ſee that it be ſad.
[*Band plays a ſtrain.*]

6 7

Hunca munca
Frizalitta
Lord Grizzle

7

7 D

Tom Thumb
Glumdalca

8

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?
Why not a mighty Bantam been thy father?
Why not the King of Brentford, old or new?

Friz. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. This to my rank—bold man!

Griz. Ah, beauteous Princefs!
Love levels rank—lords down to cellar bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up ſtairs.—
Nought is for love to high, nor ought too low—
Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. My Lord, in vain, a ſuitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this inſtant to Tom Thumb.

Griz. Play not the fool, that leſs than baby ſhun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.

Hunc. Am I thus fobb'd?—then I my words recall.

Griz. Shall I to Doctor's Commons?

Hunc. Do ſo, pray, ————
I now am in the mood, and cannot ſtay.

AIR. *Grizzle.*

In hurry poſt for a licence,
In hurry ding dong I come back;
For that you ſhan't bid me twice hence,
I'll be there, and here in a crack.
Hey, ting,
My heart's on the wing.
I now could leap over the moon;
Let the Chaplain
Set us grapp'ling,
And we'll ſtock a baby-houſe ſoon.

~~*Hunc.* Oh!~~
~~*Griz.* Ah!~~ [*Exit.*

Enter TOM THUMB.

Tom. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my Princeſs?
Where thoſe bright eyes, the cat matches of Cupid,
That light all with love my waxen ſoul?

Hunc. Put out the light, nor waſte thy little taper.

Tom. Put out the light? Impoſſible!
~~As well Sir Solomon might put out his ruſhlight.~~ ~~(Sings.)~~

Hunc. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.

Tom. Promis'd?

Hunc. Too ſure, 'tis enter'd in fate's journal.

Tom. Enter'd!
Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf—I'll blot the page—I'll burn the book.
I tell thee, Princeſs, had I been thy help-mate,
We ſoon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.

Hunc. O fie! I ſhudder at the groſs idea!

AIR.—*Huncamunca.*

Tis not in ſinew, or in bone,
That conquering power reſides alone;
A fig for ſize. We often find
In ſmalleſt forms the largeſt mind.

So lovely Tommy, mighty man,
Although his frame is ſmall,
Can fight as well as giants can;
The ſpirit ſerves for all.

His manly heart and nimble arm,
Subdue both ſtout and tall;
His love and war alternate charm,
The heart is all in all.

Tom. Then go we to the King—let him decide,
Whether you ſhall be Grizzle's, or my bride.

AIR.—*Tom.*

That pettifogging Grizzle, I find, is your gallant,
Who, like a hedge-attorney, cogs my title to ſupplant;
Shall he with you join iſſue?—No, by my ſoul, he ſhan't.
For Tommy is the lad, the lad for thee, &c.

(*Going out Hand-in-hand, are met by* GLUMDALCA.)

Glum. Stop, Brandy-noſe! hopeſt thou the wight,
Who once hath worn my eaſy chains, will toil in thine?

Hunc. Eaſy, no doubt, by twenty huſbands worn.

Tom. In the balcony which o'erhang the ſtage,
I've ſeen one wench two 'prentices engage:

This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
That juſt lets peep a little bit of gold.
Miſs the half-guinea wiſely does purloin,
And ſcorns the bigger, and the baſer coin.

TRIO.—*Glumdalca.*

Oh! the vixen pigmy brat,
Of inches ſcarce half ſix;
To ſlight me for a chit like that,
Ah! Mr. Tom, are theſe your tricks?

Huncamunca.

Oh! the coarſe ſallacious trull,
Who giant paramours twice ten
To bed can pull,
With hugs can lull,
Yet ſtill would gull
Young gentlemen.

Tom Thumb.

Little tho' I be,
I ſcorn the ſturdy ſtrum;
Nor ever ſhe,
My dear from thee
Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.

Glumdalca.

Oh the vizen, &c.

Huncamunca.

Oh! the coarſe, &c.

Tom Thumb.

Little tho' I be, &c.

Exeunt. Glum. L.
Tom & Hunc. R.

23

32

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Court of the Palace.*

Enter NOODLE.

Noodle. SURE Nature means t'unhinge the ſolid Globe!
Chaos is come again—All's topſy turvy.

AIR.

King Arthur in love ankle deep—ſpeed the plough,
Glumdalca will ſoon be his punk-a,
Good Queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a ſow,
And a bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Griz. If this be true, all women kind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be damn'd myſelf. [*Exit.*
Griz. Then, get out, patience! Oh, I'm whirlwind all;
Havock, let looſe the Dogs of War, Halloo!

SONG.

Long I will not wear the willow,
Long I will not hug my pillow;
In my breaſt a ſtorm is brewing,
Which ſhall ſpread fire, ſword, and ruin
O'er theſe deſolate coaſts:
This proud Arthur down ſhall knuckle,
Dollalolla too ſhall truckle;
Huncamunca ſhall knock under;
Her I'll raviſh—then I'll plunder;
In fierce battle
I will rattle,
Sinking, damning,
Slaſhing, cramming,
Every chink of Hell with ghoſts. [*Exit.*

1
Needle

2
The Queen
The King
Hancannon

3

Grizzle
Hoodle
Rebels
Tom Thumb
Hoodle
Soldiers

Change SCENE. 2d *A Chamber in the Palace.* 3

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Ah, wherefore from his Dollalolla's arms
Doth Arthur ſteal? Why all alone;
And in the dark, leave her, whoſe feeble nerves
He knows, are harrow'd up with fears of ſpirits.

Air. QUEEN.

In bed, when women lie awake,
(We wives can't always ſleep)
At every little noiſe we hear,
And cloſer, cloſer creep;
But cuddled warm
In love's dear arms,
Let thunder rock the houſe,
We feel no frights,
We matter ſprights
Not three ſkips of a louſe.

Enter KING.

King. We hoped the fumes, ſweet Queen, of laſt night's punch
Had glued thy lovely eyes; but ah, we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Long life to both your Majeſties,—if life
Be worth a fig—Lord Grizzle at the head
Of a rebellious rout, inveſts the palace;
He ſwears—unleſs the Princeſs ſtraight
Be yielded up, with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.

King. The devil he will!—But ſee the Princeſs!

Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our Sword and Buckler?
Tho' gainſt us men and giants league with gods,
Yet Thumb alone, is equal to more odds.

Hunca. About an hour and half ago
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon who's who, he'll make them know.

King. Come, Dollalolla, Huncamunca, come;
Within we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Plain.*

Enter GRIZZLE, NOODLE, *and Rebels.*

(*A March.*)

Griz. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd
For tho' we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal.

Enter THUMB, DOODLE, *and Soldiers.*

Tom. Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle call?

Griz. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb the small?

Tom. The same.

Griz. The same.

Tom. His prowess now each prove

Griz. For Liberty I stand

Tom. And I for love

(*A bloody Engagement between the two Armies—They fight off.*)

Enter GLUMDALCA *and* GRIZZLE, *meeting.*

Glum. Turn, Coward, turn! Nor from a woman fly!

Griz. Thou art unworthy of my arm.

Glum. Am I?
Have at thy heart then? (*Thrusts at, but misses him.*)

Griz. Rampant queen of sluts
Now have at thine. (*Strikes.*)

Glum. (*Falling*) You've run me through the guts.

Griz. Then there's an end of one. (*going.*)
(*Is met by* TOM THUMB, *who cuts him down.*)

Tom. An end of two
Thou hast it.

Griz. Oh Tom Thumb! thy soul bestrew!
I die—Ambition! The fates have made their Tour,
And the Black Cart is waiting at the door.

4

Shandelier
King
Dagger
Hamtramck
Diamante
Faizalotta
Woodle
Woodle
Merlin

A Enter Tom Thumb & two Soldiers

A Soldiers bear off Grizzle

AIR.—*Grizzled*

My body is a bankrupt's ſhop,
My cruel Creditor, grim death;
Who puts to life's briſk trade a ſtop,
And will be paid with my laſt breath—
Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Dies.*

Tom. Bear off the carcaſes; lop off his knob
'Twill witneſs to the King, Tom Thumb's good job;
Rebellion's dead, and now—I'll go to breakfaſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The Preſence Chamber.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, and Attendants.

King. Open the priſons, ſet the wretched free!
And bid our Treaſurer diſburſe five guineas
To pay their debts.—Let our Arch-Necromancer,
Sage Merlin, ſtraight attend us—we the while
Will view the triumph of our Son-in-law.

Hunca. Take note Sir, that on this our wedding day;
Two victories, hath my gallant huſband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh, monſtrous, dreadful, terrible! Oh! oh!

King. What means the blockhead?

Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror
Tom Thumb is no more.
A huge red cow—juſt now—i'th'open ſtreet
Before my eyes, devoured the great Tom Thumb.
(*A general groan.*)

King. Shut—ſhut again the priſons
Let our Treaſurer
Not iſſue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits
And bid the School-maſters whip all their boys.

Nood. Her majeſty the Queen is in a ſwoon.

Queen. Not ſo much in a ſwoon, but to have ſtill
Strength to reward the Meſſenger of ill.
(QUEEN *kills* NOODLE.)

Friz. My lover kill'd—
His death I thus revenge. (*Kills the* QUEEN.)

Hunca. Kill my Mamma!
O baſe Aſſaſſin! there! (*Kills* FRIZALETTA.)

Dood. For that, take this. (*Kills* HUNCA.)

Plum. And thou take that. (*Kills* DOODLE.)

King. Die, murdereſs vile!
Death makes a feaſt to day
And but reſerves ourſelves for his *bon bouché.*
So when the boy, whom nurſe from danger guards
Sends Jack for muſtard with a pack of cards;
Kings, Queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
'Till the whole pack lie ſcatter'd and o'erthrown?
Thus all our pack upon the floor is caſt,
And my ſole boaſt is, that I fall the laſt. (*Stabs himſelf.*)

Ring Trap

MERLIN *riſes.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Merlin. Blood, what a ſcene of ſlaughter's here!
But I'll ſoon ſhift it, never fear.
Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic,
Shall to gay comic, change this diſmal tragic.
(*Wave his wand.—Thunder and Lightning.*)

Change

SCENE *changes and diſcovers the Cow.*

Firſt at my word, thou horned Cannibal,
Return again our England's Hannibal. (*Thunder.*)

(THUMB *comes out of the Cow's Mouth, and ſtarts fiercely.*)

Next to your King, Queen, Lords, and Commons,
I iſſue my hell-bilking Summons.

AIR.—*Merlin.*

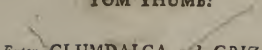
INCANTATION.

Ariſe ye groups of drunken ſots!
Who deal out deaths, you know not why;
No more of porter pots or plots,
Your ſenſeleſs jealouſy lay by.

Your ſouls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night.
My power remands them.

[*The Dead ſtart up as* MERLIN *touches them.*

Enter GLUMDALCA *and* GRIZZLE.



(*Vaudeville.*)

King. (*To the Queen.*) One kind buſs, my Dolly Queen;
When we two laſt parted
We ſcarce hoped to buſs again;
My heart! Lord, how it ſmarted!

Queen. (*To the King.*) Dear King Atty, pitty patty,
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in a nipperkin,
May toaſt this merry meeting.

Tom. (*To Hunc.*) Come my Hunky—come my Pet,
Love's in haſte, don't ſtay him;
Deep we are in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.

Hunc. (*To Tom.*) Have dear Tommy
Pity on me;
I'm by ſhame reſtricted!
Yet I obey,
So take your way,
I muſt not contradict it.

Griz. (*To Glum.*) Grandeſt Glum in my behoof.
To love's law be pliant;
Me you'll find a man of proof,
Altho' not quite a giant.

Glum. (*To Griz.*) Indeed, Lord Griz,
Tho' for that phiz,
Few amorous Queens would chuſe you
Yet thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think I can't refuſe you.

Merlin.

Now love and live, and live and love.

All.

Sa[illegible] Merlin's in the right on't.

Merlin.

Each couple prove like hand in glove;

All.

Agreed.

Queen.

'Fore George we'll make a night on't.

All.

Let diſcord ceaſe,
Let all in peace
Go home and kiſs their ſpouſes;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And with us crowded houſes.

FINIS.

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